THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849 WHOLE NO. 1449.

Original Poetry.

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

They are coming home, they are coming home;
Spring out to meet them now;
They have won such a wreath as mighty Rome
Never set on a conqueror's brow;
We shall hear the beat of their eagle feet,
As they marched when they went away;
And the shores they meet in the joyful street,
And the bright's merry play.

They are coming home, they are coming home,
I hear the chorus ring out;
And I know the cannon's hearty boom,
And the thick crowds gathered about.
They are here, they are here, bright sword and spear
In the bristling sunlight burn;
Oh, very dear to a nation's cheer,
To the warriors who return.

They are coming home, they are coming home,
How soon they hurry on.
The cheering crowd close follow the drum—
Can the last of the train be gone?
Ah, well; but that is through your eyes
Stopped out to the mound below;
Your tears, not absence, are why you
Follow its host so more.

They are never, never coming home,
They are in the burning sand—
Where the black wolf and the jackal roam,
In a far and foreign land—
As the breezes will lie under every sky,
Till we're where we were before,
Till the resurrection high, sweeps the wide world by,
And the heart of man is peace.

THE CHOSEN STAR.

TO LIZZIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. WALLACE SHAW.

Love-land and one,
And on her starry throne the silvery moon
Sits in her glory, and with smiling eyes
Looks down upon the earth.

One star more dear than all the rest
Beams brightly there,
And from its home the glowing west,
Which smiles on me.

Shine on! shine on! thou glorious star,
Pure dance to thee
Even now I turn and am turned to seek
Communion with me.

Ah! you! when sadly, silently,
Through the dark night
We gaze upon thee, souls companion,
Reckoner, N. Y., March 26, 1849.

Romance of History.

FROM GAPTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

THE CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE.

A Story of the Revolution.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was selected at one time as the place of confinement for the officers and soldiers of British prisoners taken in that region of country. To those who are familiar with the town as a prison, her barracks were enclosed with a stockade, and vigilantly guarded. There was an English officer in command, and the sentries and all arrange- had the regularity of garrison was almost unknown. The officers had the privilege of walking about the town—but he was "sent to bell at Halifax." Impos- sible as it seemed, there were instances in which the regret, it happened that they did so, repeatedly, lee- ving no other choice but they could be tempted, disap- pointed and enraged, to leave bound on no more than they had joined the royal army. It was in the habit of keeping some important dissenters as a guard to these mysterious disappearances—that Gen- Howe had been appointed by Washington in the room of Gen. Lee.

It was towards the close of a beautiful day in September, that a young girl, neatly dressed, and evidently belonging to the better class, might have been seen walking at the outskirts of the village, and talking her way towards the woods about a mile distant. She carried a small basket on her arm, and had the appearance of one out then to gather a flower, seemed in some haste, for she seldom paused to look at the objects of the flower through the thick foliage of which the silent beams of the sun scarcely penetrated. Skilfully she stepped, and rallied, "Alice," in a light and cheerful tone.

An old woman was gathering sticks among the bushes not far off, and continued her occupation without heeding the call—for she was somewhat hard—till it had been repeated; and the young girl was near enough to touch her arm. Then she started up, and let fall her bundle; but seeing the bright face of the maiden, smiled warmly, and said—"Is it you, miss Ellen?"

"Yes, Alice; you need not have looked so fright- ened as you did just now; but I do not wonder- for you did not hear me call." Ellen spoke with a little fault here, and some ease, made with my name when I knock."

The crone took up her sticks, and then bade the young girl follow her home. For days passed that Lieut. Wyndam thought and talked still to the one and the lonely, and the word put to were familiar to her ears.

"I cannot stay long, Alice," was her answer to the invitation; "but I will carry the basket for you; it will make you walk the faster."

Old Alice was held for a witch, by many superi- stitious persons in the neighborhood; but those who were most confirmed in the belief of the existence of that had brought her to the condition—half savage —half civilized—which placed her on the subject of a doubt in some, and of fixed in others. None ever- questioned her right to come and go as she pleased, though all of the latter class were convinced, that she was a baneful old creature, and thought the glimpse of her wrinkled face through the door, a most ominous omen of what was to succeed, evidence that the visit was not a simple act of neighborliness. She might be made a dangerous instrument by those who knew how to work upon her passions. Her story was a sad one. She had been a soldier in the old continental army—had played the part of a trainer, being bribed by the enemy to desert, and had been a spare on the country, and had suffered the punish- ment due to his crime. The mother followed him to the camp, and remained there till the end of the war, all was over. Her neighbors gave it buried, and years, with their children, passed away, leaving her to her grief; they nursed her through the sickness al- most unto death that followed, as if she had been a sister; and when her health strength returned, they re- ceived that the most overwhelmingly shattered, they help- ed to support the poor old creature in the miserable she pastured to living among them. For years, Alice had dwelt in her lonely hut in the woods, receiving the protects and bed, the provisions and articles of cloth- ing, and sometimes gathering fuel from the woods and, the neighbors, when she was permitted to range—and carrying it to the village for sale. None took notice of her wanderings, except to in- vite her to a neighborly visit as she passed now and then; and the good will of those who knew her suffered her in want for nothing.

Ellen Wyndam walked with the old woman to her hut, which was built of pole logs, under a high bank, overlapped with trees, the boughs of which drooped almost to the rustic roof. The basket that pressed the undergrowth of the forest, had been col- fered to grave so close to the door of this retreat, as to conceal it almost entirely; and but a narrow space was cleared for the small garden, in which were a few vegetables and fruit trees. A large black dog lay in front of the log that served as a step to the entrance, and moved only as a part of the approach of the young lady, as if he relished visits no more than his mistress. A fire was burning on the other hearth within; and upon a bed of ashes was stretched the cat, also of noble host, and like the dog, an object of dislike and reprobation—but to the ignorant. But Ellen had no dread of the animals, and her start of surprise when she entered the cabin was not at sight of the cat but the figure of a man in the dress of an American soldier, who was rock- ing on a bench in the chimney corner, with a pipe in his mouth.

"Don't be afraid," said Alice, as the young lady shrank back. "Come in, and never mind these, he'll hurt no body."

The dog had taken a coarse laugh, in which the two men joined, probably by way of reassuring her fair companion; but Ellen declared she had no time to stay, and when she had emptied her basket, he's the old woman good eyes, and departed. She walk- ed fast, but had not reached the edge of the wood, when the sound of her by footstep caused her to look back, and she saw close behind her the soldier who had seen in the cabin.

"Halle, my pretty girl!" he cried, "whither so fast? Wait and have a thousand pardons for the Stopped out to be round before; Your company is so pleasant, I will follow its host no more.

They are never, never coming home,
Where the black wolf and the jackal roam,
In a far and foreign land—
As the breezes will lie under every sky,
Till we're where we were before,
Till the resurrection high, sweeps the wide world by,
And the heart of man is peace.

"Yes sir, sully," he said, insolently; "but the greater, I swear, for it! Where do you live— than in the village? Not with the old witch—I'll have a word to say to you?" And he took hold of her hand, and she saw close behind her the soldier who had seen in the cabin.

"Unhand me, sir!" she cried, "whether or no, well; but there is a thousand pardons for you."

Ellen made no answer, but quickened her steps. Her manner was pleasant, and her talk.

"You are silly

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist themselves and get up liberal clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel disposed to take advantage of their liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting enlisted into the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it is by far the cheapest publication. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same as a first class paper*, as on the moment and *power of the small newspaper.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, and that to which they wish it sent, as heretofore sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Any one who will get up a club for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when their one do so conveniently.

THE ÆRIAL MACHINE.

We had the pleasure of a brief visit of attending, in company with a number of gentlemen belonging to the scientific and mechanical world, from Mr. Schiche, or Steam Balloon, to which frequent reference has been made at late in our columns.

It will thus be seen that there are two sides to this as to most other quarrels. And until we know more of the merits of the question, we shall not feel inclined either to sympathize with, or to strongly condemn either of the Canadian parties.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

Bryant, the poet and editor, is now in the South. A letter from him, dated Barnwell District, South Carolina, recently appeared in the columns of this paper, the New York Evening Post. Among other things, he speaks of the cotton mills now in operation in South Carolina and Georgia, which promise to become formidable rivals of the Northern mills. While grain are employed, who came from the north to aid in the construction of the machine capable of a long, spindle shaped balloon, from which is suspended a narrow, low car. It is propelled by means of a small steam-engine, and the rudder, the Machine moved from one part of the large room to the other with considerable velocity, minding the rudder perfectly.

From the result of this experiment, we have sanguine hopes that a beginning will soon be made at aerial navigation. It seems more than probable that a large Machine, constructed on the principle of this model, would be perfectly manageable in any direction. Whether it would be practicable to make in a bulk would, to say nothing of a storm, is doubtless a question we are not called to answer, since the question of the ability to prevent the escape of the gas for any considerable length of time—though, perhaps, even if the gas did slowly escape, fresh might be continually substituted.

That many and great improvements will have to be surmounted, even if the present plan should be found to be an approximation to the right one, is to be supposed. But if a beginning can only be made, the necessary improvements will rapidly follow. We understand that Messrs. Schiche & Farter are now engaged in the construction of a Machine capable of carrying three persons, for the success or failure of which will to a degree test the present principle.

That man will ultimately learn to navigate the air, we have very little doubt. It appears to us difficult, but for no means impossible. The steering may be rude and inefficient like the steamboat of Fulton's boat, which was ridiculed as the fool-scheme of Augusta, is taken off as soon as it is known to sail. But it is not to be expected that in the course of the day, who held me that the first steam-ship that ever crossed the Atlantic would have come rightly begin to vanish when more fairly grappled with. For instance, some have thought that a simple change in the form or portion of an aerial machine would be conducible to steering. The gills of the fish, which are but balloon into several compartments, which would obviate this objection. And this minor objection, we think, would be the only one of any moment that was purposely made superior to the difficulties of current, engine and the steering. The former, apart, should communicate with one another in a manner of Messrs. Schiche & Farter, if this be possible. And yet now we have the Magnetic Telegraph. In view of such a fact, who can put bounds to the inventive genius of man? We have given feminine over the elements! We are for now almost in any thing but the sea, and it is not it is a mere question of time. For when the impossible comparatively becomes easy and the accomplished of to-day, be it in bull run who will, prominence ought impossible.

THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

There has been considerable picking at Mr. Mason of late, because, in his recent farewell speech to the Senate, he made use of the following sentiment from Campbell's History of England:

"No man is fit to govern great societies who considers them chiefly as a field for display, whereat some of the political papers took occasion to more than insinuate that the Vice President intended to appropriate Mr. Mason's ideas to himself without due acknowledgment. Now we have not the least faith in such an accusation, for, putting all honesty out of the question, no *sensible* man would ever steal from Macaulay; and, besides, it is but reasonable to suppose that a Vice President of the United States would descend, especially in a speech in the Senate, to the use of quotation marks. Therefore, we shall take no further notice of a charge which doubtless originated in political prejudice.

But we wish to call attention to the sentiment itself, so contained in a great deal by the great men of all classes of men besides statesmen. Exceptionally indeed is it, Mr. Macaulay says, true of them. They are not fit to govern, if they hesitate about displaying the fact for who they are, or to whom the sake of the many whom they will never see.

But it is equally true of authors—we mean those who really deserve the name. Many of the best readers the minds of men into new forms, in which they themselves are not the future ages can only hesitate to discharge the few, at the command of the many, they fail short of their high destiny, and are unworthy of the name of "original legislators" of their nations. Solon, Alfred, Luther were the clergy, instead of the many, if they think more of what Mr. A. or Mr. B. will say of their literary deeds, than of the applause of that great audience whose verdict, being impartial, resembles the decree of Fate, they are not fit to be called authors. They are but the mere sketch in any noble sense, for they will originate nothing.

In a lesser sense, the above is equally true of the Editor. He has the Court of Common Pleas in Darke county, Ohio, a number of indictments were found against and found guilty of rape, for associating a wedding party with bells, horns, firearms, &c. Judge Hall charged decidedly against the disorderly proceedings.

"Some of the witnesses have spoken of a custom in that neighborhood to have the marriage in the house of the bride. Such a custom is illegal; it is against the law of Maryland; it is against the law and the sanction of a Court and Jury sitting in a civilized community."

"Music lack cannon to scatter the savage beast." It need be used to arouse himself that he can be employed by the Boards of our cities, have odd numbers, and even numbers, and even numbers, and even

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

OUTBREAK IN CANADA.

RIOT AT MONTREAL.

A serious riot broke out in Montreal on the 24th ult., in consequence of the Governor General affixing his assent to the Bill in interest of those who suffered loss in the rebellion a few years since. The mob assembled principally in the police side. We give the particulars in full for the benefit of our country readers. The following is a telegraphic report, dated 25th inst.:—

Affairs have reached a crisis sooner than was anticipated, in this city. At a late hour yesterday afternoon, the Governor General went down to the Legislative Council, and sanctioned, with a slight bilk, amongst which was screened that of the Rebellion Losses Bill. From that being made known to the mob outside, the Governor, entering his carriage, was pelted with rotten eggs. Arriving at his residence, he was followed by a crowd, who hooted and groaned for some time, when the rear portion of the crowd commenced breaking the windows of the house, and in a few minutes every window in front was broken, and the stones flew into the house, breaking the furniture, &c. The enraged multitude immediately rushed at the door, and commenced battering it in, when the first stone was thrown through a window in the hall, by the Legislative Assembly, at the time in full session.

A constable was then called up into the window, but everything was smashed. In the meantime, the members assembled in the lobby. A hard set of twenty-five of the leaders of the mob rushed into the Assembly Chamber, and one having placed himself in the Speaker's chair, announced, "Gentlemen, the Parliament of Canada is dissolved."

They then hoisted with the mace, to present it to Sir Allan MacNab, a flag with the words, "The city of Ers was raised, and it was soon found that the Governor General was not in the house. A search was then made throughout the house, and upstairs and in, and no trace the bandmaster was ever since of Lord.

The mob had now augmented to 7,000, and the burning buildings were surrounded by a dense and excited multitude on the part of the spectators. At 8 o'clock this evening, it was decided by the mob to attempt to save the buildings close by. Everything that could be carried off the archives and most of the volumes for several hundred years. Not $100 worth of property was destroyed.

The military were called out, and were received with three cheers by the mob. They were in front instantly, up to the present time, have taken part in the proceedings. The mob, it now appears, had determined to attack by the acts of the Parliament, and the Governor, Sir Allan MacNab's house by a small section of the rioters. Military guards were placed at the doors, and the rest all the homes of the Ministers. No lives were lost.

Mr. Alleyn, Mr. Hon. Mr. Rose, Mr. Ross, M.P.P., Mr. Cowan, Esq., one of the editors of the Montreal Courier, and a number of the Press and House with cars. A message was sent to Montreal, and the Governor and family were safely on board the cars, and the Governor and family immediately started for Quebec, where they arrived in safety.

A council was held during the night. One hundred and forty-eight warrants for arrests were issued, among which were those for the apprehension of Messrs. Montgomery, McHoward and F. Smith. The St. Andrew's Society's Hall was broken into, and all business books were smashed to pieces. The Witness was not entered.

From leading conservatives were arrested on a charge of arson, and the Witness office was entered by a mob, but was driven off by the police.

The military were under arms all night, and were received with cheers by the people.

This morning, at 10 o'clock, the Governor General, accompanied by Captain Gordon, A.D.C., left the city of Ers was raised, and it was soon found that the Governor General was not in the house. A search was then made throughout the house, and upstairs and in, and no trace the bandmaster was ever since of Lord.

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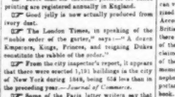

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

DEFEAT OF DANES BY PRUSSIANS, AND OF AUSTRIANS BY HUNGARIANS.—DECLINE IN COTTON.—CORN MARKET STEADY, &c.

By the arrival of the Cambria we have European dates to the 14th ult. The Cambria brought 100 passengers.

Hostilities have recommenced between Denmark and Prussia. A Danish fleet, in attempting to enter the Schleswig Canal, came under the fire of the Prussian batteries, and a fierce cannonade ensued, lasting for three hours, when the Danes retired, having lost a number of men. The Prussians had also a number killed.

The Austrians have been defeated by the Hungarians in the battle of Tokay. The Austrians lost 2,000 men killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners.

Kossuth has issued a proclamation to the Hungarians, in which he says that the Austrians have been completely routed by the Hungarians, and that the latter have taken possession of the whole of the Austrian artillery.

The London Times, in speaking of the "double order of the garter," says:—"A dozen Emperors, Kings, Princes, and reigning Dukes are members of the order."

Prussia has issued a decree forbidding the exportation of horses.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Emperor Napoleon exhibits a sad and thoughtful appearance, and that he is said to be anxious to avoid war. He is also said to be very desirous to rule the country through his means, and that he has the most pacific intentions of any one, but is willing to yield to her despotic sway."

Was a splendid affair.

The Lyon Farm says:—"The use of laurels in the churches is a less violation of the Sabbath.

The prisoners in the Cumberland (Maryland) jail have commenced a regular system of writing society. First question for discussion:—"Are jails living anomalies as to all to be reformed among the true abolitionists of society?"

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New Publications.

Incidents in New York. We beg to present our readers in advance of publication, with an extract from the "Continuation of the War of 1812, by C. J. Ingersoll," to be published in a short time by Lea & Blanchard, of this city. We learn that the volume abounds with many new and curious scraps of history. The following is the extract referred to:

At a remarkable British historian, in his Annals of the Reign of George the Third, Dr. Aikin, mentions the British naval defeats as "unusual in the British navy, the source of as much mortification to one party as of triumph to the other." But it is from another source, rather than any history or individual official order that we become possessed of the most striking and mortifying proof of that timorous shrinking from conflict with American ships of war, which was undoubtedly the cause of the inferiority and practised by the navy. Accounts frequently reached us of the shyness of British naval officers to engage American ships there was throughout the whole war palpable want of that enterprise and intrepidity which had been claimed as the common and the superior attributes of the much boasted and dreaded British tar. A letter was written by Admiral Duckson, published by his nephew, Captain Murray, in 1845, makes the important disclosure which is here quoted from that book.

"The only circumstance during his command that gave him (Admiral Durham) some disappointment, was the following:

"He received information that a large American frigate was cruising about the islands, and was desirous of falling in with her, accompanied by a sloop of war.

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Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. VII.

In a former number having examined the harmonies which exist between the mineral and vegetable world, we will now proceed to the consideration of the harmonies which exist between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. We contemplate the secrets of the vast universe, and wonders of this divine subject, with a feeling of awe and reverence. We look at the mountain in the morning, when the sun first appears in the east, and the dew-drops are sparkling on the grass, and the birds are singing their morning lays, and we feel a sensation of joy and pleasure, that we are unable to describe. We look at the mountain in the evening, when the sun is setting in the west, and the dew-drops are sparkling on the grass, and the birds are singing their evening lays, and we feel a sensation of joy and pleasure, that we are unable to describe. We look at the mountain in the night, when the sun is shining in the east, and the dew-drops are sparkling on the grass, and the birds are singing their night lays, and we feel a sensation of joy and pleasure, that we are unable to describe.

Clippings.

ON MISS ANNA BREAD

Who has been married many years spread,
And 5-pc around them Butter,
175 Pounds of Sugar and Spice
And most have any for her.

A child, two years old, was killed at Fall River, recently, by swallowing a piece of tobacco, administered by an ignorant quack, "to cure the worms." Boston Journal remarks that tobacco is the poisonous nature of the drug.

Lieutenant Maury, the celebrated naval writer, is about to establish his head-quarters in Portugal.

Mr. Lucas, a member of the Royal Commission, has given notice of his intention to introduce a bill into that body, requiring all railway companies to run one train per week for the working classes.

Monsieur —— the current declension of this word, as gone, is, Monsieur, Messieurs, Monsieur, Messieurs—present waiter, or waiter not actually clear.

The Prussian Government has forbid a its agriculturists to make spoilsons of drugs in large quantities, and to sell them to the people. Prussia enforces the law, and exactly to the letter.

The Prussian Government has forbid a its agriculturists to make spoilsons of drugs in large quantities, and to sell them to the people. Prussia enforces the law, and exactly to the letter.

Letters remain for the British West Indies about a month after the mail has left.

The receipts of Flour have for shipment limited, but the sales of 1,000 bbls. Ohio Western, for export, at $4.4. Sales of 500 bbls. Ohio Extra Family at $5, including some white wheat Indiana at $4.50 to $4.75, and 1,000 bbls at $5.75, and one lot of 1,000 bbls at $5.80.

Meal during the week end-

13,000 bbls.
1,563 "
1,917 "
16,480

is a good demand for Wheat, prices are fully maintained. Sales of 10,000 bushels at $1.30 to $1.32 for Red Western, and $1.35 to $1.37 for White.

Corn is limited demand; and the sales of 30,000 bushels at $1.08 to $1.09 for mixed Western, and $1.10 to $1.11 for yellow Southern.

Oats are steady at previous rates.

Rye is in good demand, and prices are firm.

Barley is dull at 1.20 bbls No. 2 and 3 sold at $1.10.

Beans are in fair demand at $1.75 to $2.

Seeds—There is no change to notice in Clover, which is in good demand. Sales of 1,000 bags at 6½ to 7c. Timothy is in fair demand at $3.50 to $3.75 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull at $1.50 to $1.55.

Provisions—There is no change to notice in Mess Pork, which is in good demand. Sales of 1,000 bbls at $19.50 to $20 per bbl. Bacon is in fair demand and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls Hams at 12c. Lard is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls at 12c.

Whiskey is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls at 22c.

Groceries—There is no change to notice in Coffee. The week's sales are only 500 bags Rio, at 13½c. Sugar is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 500 hhds at 6½ to 7c. Molasses is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 hhds at 30c. Rice is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 tierces at 5c.

Whiskey is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls at 22c.

Cotton—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bales, at 12c.

Naval Stores—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Metals—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Wool—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Hides—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Leather—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Tobacco—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Coal—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Iron—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Steel—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Copper—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Lead—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Zinc—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Tin—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Nickel—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Cobalt—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Manganese—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Chromium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Vanadium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Molybdenum—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Tungsten—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Uranium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Thorium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Cerium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Lanthanum—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Didymium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Yttrium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Erbium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Terbium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Ytterbium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Scandium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Gallium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Indium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Thallium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Rubidium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Caesium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Francium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Actinium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Protactinium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Thorium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Uranium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Neptunium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Plutonium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Americium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Curium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Berkelium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Californium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Einsteinium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Fermium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Mendelevium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Nobelium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Lawrencium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Rutherfordium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Dubnium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Seaborgium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Bohrium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Hassium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Meitnerium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Darmstadtium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Roentgenium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Copernicium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Nihonium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Flerovium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Moscovium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Livermorium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Tennessine—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Oganesson—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Ununennium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbinilium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiunium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbibium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbitrium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiquadium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbipentium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbihexium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiseptium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbioctium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbinilium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiunium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbibium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbitrium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiquadium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbipentium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbihexium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbiseptium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Unbioctium—There is no change to notice in the market. The week's sales are only 500 bbls, at 12c.

Selected Poetry.

BALLAD OF MONTROSE.

[The following extracts from THE EDINBURGH or MONTHLY, a poem by Professor AYTOUN, of Edinburgh, contain some of the finest stanzas we have seen, recently. An old Cavalier recounts the tale of the doom of the Great Marquis, to his grandson:]

"A timber mid him to his doom—
Oh, dool of doolfous shame!
I clinge thee, boy, if e'er I'm seen
With one of Ancrie's name—
So it ngne the crowde may see
Or yet wolsin the glee,
Thou'lt be an aterrie prize always,
Or lacked by sound neve—
Fore him to thee would'st face the men
Who wronged thy sire's renowne,
Remember at what bloud-feint set,
And strike the cuttif down!

"They brought him to the Watergate,
Shod bound with lompets ugse,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a "trembling ass.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode before—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cried, "Run, traitor, run!"
And threw the mobs with jeid and shout,
And kicke his poore sides.

"It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sick and sad and dey,
To watch the hoke, more than eyes
Beat down on that array!
There stood the Whig Lord—the country Lorde
In baisney and horse—
There sat those gentler and reformed dames
And their daughters all a row;
And every window's casement
Was full as full might be,
With blush cribd commanding eyne,
That gaudily upset to see.

"But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye—
The visible rent farbore to shout,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was there to bide and die.
And then a deadly silence
Through all the people met,
And none that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside with jeer."

[We must pass the description of his progress up the Canongate, the scenes in the Parliament House, when his doom was pronounced, and his conduct down to the "perjured traitors," there, and come to the termination of the massacre:]

"Ah, Cort! that ghastly gibbet!
How dread! how awe inspiring!
The grim and spectral skeleton,
The halter and the noose!
Hark! hark! it is the clank of arms—
The helm bugle to rouse!
He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!
One lone, long peal of clarion,
The clouds are cleared away,
And the divided sun once more looks down
Amidst the clustering sky.

"He is coming! he is coming!
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Come to wed him from his prison,
To be wedded and his doom.
Three sun glints on the Provost,
'Three was footer to his spa,
And he never scaled to faint!
More proudly shone he die
Three was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass
That great and goodly man.

"He mounted up the scaffold,
And turned him to the crowd
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the signal ether,
The eye of God alone through.
Yet a blacker cloud than all
Hung over the north side,
And though the thunder slept within,
All else was calm and still.

"The grave trusters number was made
With not one sorrow drew near,
As you have seen the reverent flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not drain that word nor sigh,
But stood he, like the brave,
And fixed his eye upon the Judge's dear grave,
Beneath the gallows tree.
Then reckest and scraps he rose,
And cast his cloak away,
For he had in'en the latest look
Of earth and sun, and day.

"A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a halo round the dooms,
And he climbed the lofty ladder,
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look said,
For fear was in each soul.
Then was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan,
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death is done."

[There is not one conversation in the ballad which is not derived from contemporary memoirs, and a stronger proof of the fidelity with which it has been lately be decried. It will last here escaped the ere. der to discover with what scrupulous manner of the bard's death is managed. It seems to be veiled from the reader in a dim mist from the spectator:

"He did not dare to look not,
For fear was in his soul
There was another heavy sound,
A hum, and then a groan,
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death is done."

Biographical.

WASHINGTON:

HIS HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.—ORDER, METHOD, ECONOMY, PUNCTUALITY.

FROM THE UNITED REVOLUTIONARY AND PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Whatever Washington established a home—whether temporary or fixed, whether amid the log huts of Maccatawa or the Valley Forge, the Presidential Mansion of New York or Philadelphia or his own beloved Mount Vernon—every where order, method, punctuality, economy reigned. His household, whether civil or military, was always upon a liberal scale, and was conducted with due regard to economy and comfort.

The Steward.—Francis, who kept the tavern in New York where Washington took leave of his officers in 1783, was the first Steward in the Presidents'. Francis was a rare Whig in the Revolutionary day, and attained to a like reputation in his person and character from the circumstance of the memorable parting of the Commander-in-Chief with his old and trusted companions-in-arms, on his having taken place at Francis's Tavern, in New York.

The Steward was a man of talent and considerable taste in the line of his profession; but was at the same time shrewd, careful, frugal, and of a regulation of expense. This produced continued difficulties between the Steward and certain of the most devotedly attached to him of all his household.

The expenses of the Presidential Mansion were settled weekly; and, upon the bills being presented of, the Treasurer read the items thereof aloud upon his expenses, saying, that, while he wished to live comfortably to his station, personally and his households, he abhorred waste and extravagance and insisted that his household should be conducted with the strictest economy and regularity.

Francis would possess amusement, and the next week the same scene would be re-acted in all its parts, the Steward retiring in tears and exclaiming, "Well, he can support it, but I will not, if I do not; but while he is President of the United States, and I have the honor to be his Steward, his establishment shall be supplied with the very best of every thing that the whole country can afford."

The scene of the bill, and its manner part of the week, happened during Francis's stewardship, Washington's residence at Philadelphia. It was the habit for New England ladies frequently to prepare the cuddin in a very nice manner, and send it developed in cloths as an active present to one of the President's Saturday dinner, he always eating cuddin on that day in compliment to his New England reminiscence.

It happened that a single shad was caught in the Delaware in February, and brought to the Philadelphia market for sale. Francis presented upon it with the speed of an express, regardless of price, but resolved that he had secured a delicacy that, above all others, he knew would be agreeable to the palate of his Chief.

When the fish was served, Washington suspected a departure from his usual economy. The question was to be made for his table, and said to Francis, who stood at his post at the sideboard, "What has it this?"

"A shad, a very fine shad," was the reply. "I know your Excellency was particularly fond of this kind of fish, and was so fort-nate as to procure this one in the market—a only one, sir, the first of the season."

"The price, sir; the price?" continued Washington, in a stern commanding tone. "the price, sir?"

"Three, three, three dollars," stamm ered out the consternated Francis Steward.

"I hate it away," thundered the Chief, "take it, away, sir; it shall never be said that my table was such an example of luxury and extravagance." Poor Francis, humiliatingly abased, and the fight ahead of the season was removed untouched, to be speedily discussed by the gourmands of the servants' hall.

The Chief Cook.—This indomitable artist, as he would have been termed in modern parlance, was Martha Herndon, familiarly termed Uncle Harbin. Trained in the mysteries of his art from early youth, and in the good old time of the whole chimneys and chimneys-smoked to indicate the generous hospitality that reigned throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, Uncle Harbin, at the period of the Free Presidency, as highly accomplished a cook as professor of the culinary art could be found in the United States. He was a man between years, better in any shores the usual circ. yet possessed of much genuine power as to entitle him to be compared with his namesake of Yankee Doodle memory.

The Chief Cook gloried in the cleanliness and liberty of his kitchen. Under his own discipline—we to his underlings if speck or spot could be discovered on the tables or dressers, or if the utensils did not shine like the purest silver. With the better lights who had offended in those particulars there was no arrest of progress, for judgment and execution went hand in hand.

The Steward, and indeed the whole household, trembled like leaves at the approach of a well and knew the noise with pot and shove, And kettle in your stead